







## PIONEER DAYS.

A Woman's Journal of 1836—Half a Century Ago.

Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, the First Women to Cross the Continent—First Years of the Lapwai Mission.

Notes for the Sunday Annals.

I have been kindly furnished by Mr. H. H. Spalding, of Albany, with the original manuscript journal kept by Mrs. Eliza Hart Spalding, wife of the general missionaries, Rev. H. H. Spalding, who crossed the plains with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman in 1834, to establish the mission at Lapwai, among the Nez Perces Indians. This interesting volume was commenced the day before good by to her parents' home, in New York state, and brings her life down to December 26, 1836, after three years to the birth of her son, and the end of her usefulness to her journal. This is a momentous page in all pages to her children, who find here a record of the difficulties with which she consecrated herself to the chosen work of converting the Indians. It would be more valuable to current history if the winter had recorded more facts and proofs of progress, but she was wrap up in the great work of preaching the gospel and converting the heathen. I can venture to use only a few devotional extracts from this record of her soul's struggle for salvation.

At the time of a woman of sincere consecration to duty. No skeptic, even could doubt this journal intended for no foreign eye, and not record her sincerity and true charity and devotion to duty. It has been a delicate task to perform to select what I have presented here, as it is evident that she has written to a gentleman in the American Consulate. In "JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS."

July 11.—We moved on in the morning to our Mr. McDermit's camp, with whom we expect to travel to Wallowa City.

July 12.—To-day we have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

the service was over. About 10 o'clock last night, after affectionately exerting us to be full to our Master's service she bade us farewell, assuring us that her health and trial were now past, and that she was now fit to offer all to him at the instance in his power. This seems a peculiar favor of Providence and peculiar anxiety about a protracted and hazardous journey with the Indians who are to take us through the country, and she had several weeks to live.

JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS.

July 13.—We moved on in the morning to our Mr. McDermit's camp, with whom we expect to travel to Wallowa City.

July 14.—This is a momentous day, as we have

at present no news from our children, who are

now on their way to the Columbia river, and

are to be with us in a week or two.

July 15.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

the service was over. About 10 o'clock last

night, after affectionately exerting us to be

full to our Master's service she bade us

farewell, assuring us that her health and

trial were now past, and that she was now fit

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to take us through the country, and she had

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JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS.

July 16.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

the service was over. About 10 o'clock last

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full to our Master's service she bade us

farewell, assuring us that her health and

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JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS.

July 17.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

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JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS.

July 18.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

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farewell, assuring us that her health and

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JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS.

July 19.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

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JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS.

July 20.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

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JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS.

July 21.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

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July 22.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

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JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS.

July 23.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

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July 24.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

the service was over. About 10 o'clock last

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several weeks to live.

JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS.

July 25.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

the service was over. About 10 o'clock last

night, after affectionately exerting us to be

full to our Master's service she bade us

farewell, assuring us that her health and

trial were now past, and that she was now fit

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and hazardous journey with the Indians who are

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several weeks to live.

JULY 1836—THE FORT DAVIS.

July 26.—We have been called to perform the last act of baptism to our son, and

the service was over. About 10 o'clock last

night, after affectionately exerting us to be

full to our Master's service she bade us

farewell, assuring us that her health and





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## THE WAKING EARTH.

Cora Head Goodale in the *Independent*] At the hungry and plentiful earth brings forth. I loved by the frost and loosened by wind and rain, The spongy meadows are mottled with misty Rivers and streams are noisy and big with snow. The year has passed amid famine and cold, and Winter was long and bleak on the lone hills. The pines were heavy with ruffed and blinks. Squirrels and field mice girded the orchard trees. The pulse was slow as the sap in a leafless elm. The woods were dead and beetles were sunk in sleep. The wretched foxes and hawks were sunk in sleep. Foxes and wild cats hid in their dens by day.

Yet, 'n' the blood is astir in the lagging veins. Happiest warmth has crept to the frozen land. They're all over now, ranged and hungry to smite the air.

Setting their wide, wet tracks in the mud and mire, we track for the grass and the running brooks.

Turkeys and geese clack to the rising sun, the birds have been here before the last frost. Taking the pungent breath of the naked ground.

One more the laborers look to the streaming soft, Resolute men of hardy and stalwart frame.

They drive the plow with a muscular rhythm.

Leaving the furrow frosty and black behind, They've had a lively time for a spinster's life.

They've had a time for a spinster's life.

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